# The Charles Viewer

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# BOSTON MASSACHUSETTS

Elizabeth Ekborg

Fisher College Library

Everywhere and forever creative

Everywhere and eternally faithful

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Rainbows in the sky
Glowing with colorful streaks
Sign of a promise

—Michelle Townsend

MEMORIES

Memories are
the dreams of today
instilled in the hearts
of yesterday.

Memories are
the lights of tomorrow
that shine through
open doors.

Memories are
what we have in
view of all the days
spent.

Memories,
oh sweet MEMORIES
keep reminding me
of you.

-- Julie Famiglietti

It seems so sad, but it's time to go
We've learned a lot and it sure does show
We'll be leaving our friends and traveling on
But the memories of it will never be gone.

— Elizabeth Ekborg

"Lord Help my words
to be tender and gracious
today, for tomorrow I
may have to eat them!"

-- Author Unknown

How true it is that when something aggravates you, gets you going with anger, you voice a strong, yet often regretted opinion just a little bit too loudly. In due time, you are saying to yourself, "Open mouth... insert foot(e)". If that's not eating the foot(e) you stood on yesterday, then what is?

The words come out easily
but don't taste good going
back in. (That's when you
know how bitter you are.)
Reverse, in standard, never
handles well!

-- Holly Rutledge

The cold winter sea
thrashes against the stone wall
the foamy waves break.

--Danielle Mackenzie

Blue water flowing
toward destination unknown
Fulfilled completely

— Rachel Merrill

The wild water beating
against the soft sand quiet
in the dark, warm night

— Missy DeAngelis

A settled lake
All is still and quiet
Solitude sets in

— Lorraine Jewell

The rough ocean waves
beat upon the shore bringing
Treasures from below

— Jody Whitford

Frisky, prancing cats
yet, sly sleek, daring and free,
seem to catch my heart

—Tracy Allen

Cats are unhappy,
from one touch, notice them flee
They must be lonely.

—Lynn Hawkins

Sue Campos

## MASKS

We are taught from the beginning
to wear our masks
Porcelain perfect, not a crack
for feelings to slip out.

We are born of clay, expressive,
full of possibilities
But we harden with age,
are painted by experience.

"What will the neighbors think?"
"Big boys don't cry."
"I'm fine, how are you?"

Step by step, we learn to always
put our best foot forward
To have a perfectly polished,
always smiling mask.

After all, truth can be discomforting;
honesty, frightening.
Masks allow us to hide from our fears,
but at what cost?

—Anne Smudin

Behind the sullen face
Maybe, extremely reserved, but
The person is there

-- Tricia Fantoni

Annalisa Salustri

## WARM SNOWFLAKES

Snowflakes dance behind the glass
They swirl and frolic in the wind

Soft and free and they frost the trees
Creating a scene of beauty

-- Debbie Catalano

Winter snow falling softly
gently lands on the icy pond
and is frozen in time

-- Kristin Mooers

The cold winter night
Stills the land of nature life
Until the sun comes

—Diane Qualter

## THE KILLING INSTINCT

The darkness is controlled
by an angered spirit—

A being who takes his
revenge on everyone
whose words are numb.

His eyes emerge from
the aged flesh of the
slaughtered.

When receiving him
you must look closer—
he's not what he appears to be.

His frightening touch will
steal your soul.

No need for prayer
Fate never reaches those
who don't belong.

-- Karen Fallon

## IN A WORLD

So helpless in a world,
In a world that needs help

Hearts crying out
Voices must be heard

Weakness on the surface
But the strength is within

Love is the strength
and faith is what builds it

The peace is planted
Now it must grow

-- Debbie Catalano

A KISS

So soft,
So sweet,
and so, so innocent
... a kiss.

— Elizabeth Ekborg

It starts from a seed;
A rose is mysterious
The beauty it brings

— Lynn Hawkins

Lily pads are green
Frogs spend their days wallowing
For springtime is near

— Jody Whitford

Listen quietly
softly do you hear their song
I hear them calling

— Kim Carlstrom

After a light shower
such a beautiful rainbow
Is there really gold?

— Gina Famolare

OLD LOVE

You said you miss me.
You said you loved me too.
But how do you expect me to find this true.
I thought when I went to school I could forget
you and start anew.
But time goes on, and so do you.
And everytime I see you, I hurt, and wish
you did too!

— Elizabeth Ekborg

The antique chair
sits alone in the corner
ignored, cast aside,
like an old woman,
desperately reaching out
to grab attention.

Thick black dust
formed a coat on its arm,
which has not been touched
for centuries.

If only someone would come
and free it from its corner...
give it attention,
give it companionship.

-- Mary DeBaggis

BREATHLESS WHISTLE

The battered kettle on the stove
scorches from the flames
The rustic whistle has not
another breath.
Distilled water soon disappears.
The torched kettle has emptied,
not another breathless whistle
to hear.
Put away for another long day.
But the kettle will again,
Be scorched by the flames.

-- Rhonda Perry

A rose put in a vase
grown in a garden
waiting to be placed in my hand from you

like the softness of your cheek touching mine
the love in a young girl's heart
and the smile you can never forget

blooming now in my soul.

--Debbie Kramer

Kathryne Bercel

Apple Blossoms bloom
swift winds blow the sweet fragrance
bees pollinate fruit

— Heather Hart

Puffy cotton white clouds
hiding the bright sun and heat
making shade for earth

— Sheila Donahue

THIS MOMENT

Sitting in the tree,
Feel the wind blowing by

Birds flying free
In the blue of the sky

Warmth of the sun beaming from above
I'm thankful for this moment — this moment that I love

-- Debbie Catalano

The river flows
Gently and clean down the
mountainside of life

— Jody Whitford

The sun shines brightly
the calm lake reflects the light
what a tranquil sight

— Heather Hart

A bird of great pride
Wingspan spreads through clouds above
Eagle majestic

— Diane Jansky

Seeds covered by earth
Flowers bloom in the garden
Petals fall to earth

— Barbara Bosak

## FLAMES

HER soul fell,
It burned
  Everywhere.
    Below,
    Inside,
    Above.
It was caged in flames.

The fire warmed her
 It filled HER
    She drank it
    She swallowed it
    She became it
    It grew
    It destroyed . . . .

-- Karen Fallon

In the gloomy park
see-saws turning by themselves
  who is there this night

—April Glynn

## WRONG PLACES

The gun is fired.
The shot echoing through their minds
sends them scrambling.
Frantically searching for an answer
to be held close to the breast.
Not even bothering to look into
a friend's eyes for a clue.
Hiding in lavish caves.
Not even venturing into the rain,
the beautiful rain . . . .
I swear it holds the truth . . . .
Why are they looking in all the
  wrong places?

-- Cheryl Wilson

## MASKED BLACK DOVES

In the night so dark, she pulls her mask tighter around her face. Her cape whirls around her.

She stands alone on a mountain top so high. Awaiting the dreams she hopes will come true.

Today, tomorrow....

Her fists are clenched in a ball so tight. Fears and tears and feelings so deep, hidden inside an unknown soul.

Smiles are unseen, promises unkept. Expressions are hidden, tears unnoticed. Eyes of coal release no secrets. Questions of fate are yet to be answered. No one sees these eyes in distress. No one sees, for behind this mask so tight; the eyes have died. In a flash of light, we see a dove so black with a mask so tight hover above a mountain top so high.

—Kathryne D. Bercel

When they embraced, they openly cried tears of joy. Inside, I cried out of anger and sorrow. The hate I felt for this place overwhelmed me. It caught me by surprise. To them I was a surprise. I could feel their eyes upon me. The house I never wanted to enter. The pictures inside the house sent an electrical current down my spine. I prayed that we would never come to this house. Everything was so different— the food, the air, the space. I was alienated. Although its beauty was pure and magnificent, I couldn't wait to get out. But the pureness was only on the surface. I labeled this place "betrayal." Yet, he grew to accept this house. I could never. For me this house stood for Abandonment. Its great beauty could not conceal its secrets. Its tall trees and green surroundings did not insure freedom, only loneliness. Everything inside was so extravagant and neat; it looked untouched, unshared, unloved. Physically this house could never hurt me. But this house confused me; it left me wondering. Mentally, this house affected me, bruised me.

-- Karen Fallon

Kathryne Bercel

Shining bright, the sun
A stream of water falling . . .
Colors arched above

—Georgette Kalomiris

Silence in the dark
Broken by the coyote
Howling at the moon

—Dina Nichols

IN THE TREE

The bird's chirping catches my ear
and leads my eyes up high to the trees

Admist the green and blue
a glow of soft red peeks out

I notice it's a cardinal
and watch, entranced

He sits perched like a king
Singing--happy, content

Even though others are around
He cares only about the moment

The red of the cardinal
Gives me a warm glow inside

-- Debbie Catalano

Cool, clear water fall
Cascading down jagged rocks
Shimmering brightly

—Lisa Davis

The woods — crowded and dark
where wild animals roam
nobody hears your scream

— Lisa Voto

Fading away
becoming the night
Still as possible
wandering . . . .
Will anyone think of me tonight?
Look around
The roses smell of death
Their green leaves bow their stems
in sadness.
In the slightest breeze,
one by one
the exhausted petals lifelessly
slip to the ground.
If it were only for the reason of
being closer to you,
but you know that isn't true.
People just walk right by.
Hearing footsteps, your heart pounds
But they never stop.
They're always too busy to cry over
somebody else.
Things haven't changed, yet there
is one advantage. At least now they
can't see your hurt face when
they forget all about you.
You knew life was not worth living,
but neither is death. You're still lonely.

-- Karen Fallon

THE AWAKENING

Upon arrival to this world,
life seemed so dismal.
The location was unknown
the frantic faces screamed happily
the constant blabbering of voices
the feeling of tears came upon me
but then sudden laughter appeared.
My name is Rhonda and I have
arrived.
This is my home.

--Rhonda Perry

## BLINDED BY LOVE

Blinded by love--
Try to see

Shot by Cupid--
But can you feel

Bells in your ears--
Oh listen please . . .

At times, you have to put your mind before your heart,
You have to be strong

You won't fall apart,
When you know it's not wrong

Don't look away,
See what you find

Don't be lead astray,
Don't be blind

-- Debbie Catalano

## OUR LOVE IS FOREVER

Jim,
Live for today
Love for tomorrow
Open your arms and
I'll open my heart
Our love for today is
Our love for tomorrow and
Our love is forever

—Simone Santos

Kathryne Bercel

## SHARE MY FANTASY

I want to share my fantasies with you.
Only you can make them come true
Just take my hand and walk with me
And you will set my fantasies free.

When I'm afraid, you wash away my fears
When I cry, you wipe away my tears
You are my teacher, my love and my friend
And on your love I can depend.

My fantasy is to be with you forever
And never let you go.
I want to share my life with you
And watch our love grow.

Sometimes I want to crawl inside of you
So we can live as one
My fantasies are ours to share
They've only just begun.

-- D.D. Fiore

I'll be here,
  waiting.
Ears open
for your call.

Talking,
Listening,
we always shared

Torn apart
through others' remarks,
Now held together
only by a line

It is our secret.
Soon the world will know
will they let us be?
Or will they take the line too

-- Michele Lee

## THE STARVING, FORGOTTEN PEOPLE

Their souls cry out in anguish
Upon deaf ears
ignorant eyes
these cries fall
Beware . . . you, who are willingly
silent and ignorant —
  When the ground opens
and the earth swallows them.
The darkness will nourish
their anger.
Their souls will unite
No longer to roam in the
dark of our consciousness
They now roam amongst
the ignorant eyes and
deaf ears.
Waiting . . .
Willingly
unmercifully
they will destroy.

-- Karen Fallon

## GRAVE STONE

Cold
Gray stone.
Withering
Voice of time
Forever waiting,
Guarding silence
Below it.
Always
Dead.

--Maryalice Sullivan

## FORESTS DAMNED

High on the hill
your feet marched through,
spoiling what we thought we were;
mapping, scheming —
you, the superior one.
Taking tea at noon
smiling often, I'm sure
Gazing out over your land.
But today I only see damned forests.

---

(This was written at The Eagle's Nest— Hitler's vacation spot during WWII.)

-- Cheryl Wilson

## THE WAY OF THE WORLD

Am I old enough,
  or strong enough,
to face the world alone?

How does one know?
Does someone tell us
or do we know deep inside ourselves?

We all need help
  not many can afford it,
The ones that cannot are fortunate.

What kind of system
  is this?
One we all have to face!

Stuck in the world's circle,
  how can I break free?
  to make something of me?

-- Michele Lee

Sometimes I think that everything will be okay,
   but a day goes by and everything has changed.
We were one,
We were both a part of each other and leave it
   to me to mess things up.
If you could only know how much I really love you
   and how much I really care.
My heart belongs to you now, and it always will.
The first time I told you I loved you, I knew it
   was true.
Because deep down inside I'd be nothing without
   you.
Oh, please let me say it again and again: I love
   you and care for you and this will never end.
My heart is now bleeding and I'm starting to cry.
Please think, and never leave me, because I can't
   say good-bye.

—Elizabeth Ekborg

Annalisa Salustri

In the still of night
A loud crack is breaking through
A shower awaits

—Lisa Booth

The leaves are trembling
from the gentle gust of wind
and fall from the oak.

—Mary DeBaggis

Graveyards hold secrets
they are so dark and lovely
mysterious place.

-- Katie McAlevey

## THE WORLD IS WAITING

Millions of hearts are waiting
to pound vigorously, once more.
To free themselves of these self-
 destructive times.
Times filled with empty promises.
Times filled with "leaders" whose
Eyes glitter with deceit.
Yet, the paranoia is floating about us.

 We wonder,
What will happen to the next
 cherished soul who dares to
 stand for freedom, true equality
 and peace?
Does the bloodshed of two brothers
discourage the wise from sharing
 their wisdom?
Have we murdered not only
 men, but hope?
Are our glittering leaders choking
on a drowning conscience
 in stains of red?
Will the world become a
 cemetery?

-- Karen Fallon

## CONFUSION AND HURT

Pain of confusion
Grabs me inside

Force of tears
But I have pride

I can't express
What inside has built

Not enough to prove
And I don't want guilt

Confusion and hurt
Is hard to ignore

I wish it would vanish
Because I don't want more

-- Debbie Catalano

## THE CAPE

In a whirlwind so cold, you tighten the
cape around you.
Your thoughts of warmth and security
come and go like the whistling wind
about you. The night is cold, the air
bites, your thoughts are gold.

The moon has fully risen to make a dim-
lit sky. You see the light but receive
no warmth. Your cape is too big. It
covers your body in waves of cloth. The
wind quickly finds these waves of entry
to engulf you into its depths.

You unknowingly lapse into a world of
fire and flame. You are surrounded by
fences of fire. You loosen your cape,
realizing your sudden sweat. It falls
to the ground into a mass of unwanted,
unneeded material that shall soon be for-
gotten.

The heat envelops you now so that you've
forgotten the cutting cold of long ago,
though it seems....

Grow, grow flame before me.
Flame and fire and those who behold me.
Whirl, whirl wind about me.

Vanish, vanish, heat of never-never.

— Kathryne D. Bercel

## THE WINDSURFER

Crawling under the wind
scratching the waves to avoid the storm
losing balance with every step
someone we don't know
is fighting with every breath.

Yesterday he flew above the wind
holding the clouds to avoid the storm

But the windsurfer
  goes on
wishing today would be like yesterday
crawling into the wind—
  safe.

-- Creative Writing class poem
   with Ms. Davis

# THE GAME

I'm sleeping on the phone tonight.
I'm waiting to hear the resonant ring of the phone.
Hopes become pipe-dreams.
Minutes become hours.
Hours turn into countless nights like these.
It's like failure to meet my expectations.
I fight against my feelings of hurt which now threaten to explode into a frenzy of shattered pieces.
My life flies by in a flash of black light.

You take one day at a time, but you never seem to be going anywhere.
You've played this game before, and lost.
You immerse your body and soul into it, without realizing the exhaustion you put your mind through.

You roll the dice across the board.
Your man always seems to land on "GO BACK TO START."
Your adversary is unrecognizable.
His game continues on towards the "FINISH", while you still go back and forth between "ROLL AGAIN" and "GO BACK TO START."
The game is interrupted in a blur of flying objects.
The pace is rushed and confused.
You grab your winnings, of which there are few, and make for the door.
You encounter a sign saying: "GO BACK TO START."
Your tension now grows into panic.
You turn about in obvious misunderstanding.

The GAME has found and captured you onto a board with no "FINISH."

-- Kathryne D. Bercel

## DESTITUTE VISIONS

BREAK THROUGH THE LIGHT INTO THE UNKNOWNS OF PERSISTING DARKNESS..., BREAK OUT OF THE MONOTONOUS ROUTINE OF FOREVER HAVING TO REDEEM YOUR PLEASURES.

BREAK AWAY FROM THIS NEVERENDING DAZE CAST UPON YOU BY PEOPLE YOU DON'T BELIEVE IN.

WE ARE THE LIGHT OF OUR GENERATION, YOU AND I. WE ILLUMINATE THE ROAD IN A WAY ONLY WE CAN TO A MORE BOUNTIFUL EXISTENCE.

WE TREAD THROUGH WATERS OF UNKNOWN ORIGINS. WE SHALL SURPASS ANY OBSTACLES THAT WE ENCOUNTER.

OUR STRENGTH IS OUR ASSET. OUR STRENGTH TO CONTINUE ON SHOWS OUR WILL TO SURVIVE AND BEAT THOSE WHO TRY TO DEFEAT US.

ALTHOUGH OUR MOTIVATION TO SUCCEED IS INTENSE, WE SOMETIMES HAVE TO WITHDRAW AND TAKE REFUGE. ALL THE EXTREMES OF TENSION WE GO THROUGH TAKE THEIR TOLL. WE GIVE UP OUR ARMS, LET DOWN OUR PROTECTIVE WALLS, BUT ONLY MOMENTARILY.

YOU NOW EXIT A WORLD OF OVER-PROTECTIVENESS AND CONSTANT BARRIERS TO ENTER SOMEPLACE SERENE, UNDEMANDING, SOMETHING REQUIRING NO EFFORT OR THOUGHT OF MIND.

YOU SLIP FAR, FAR DOWNWARD TOWARD THE DARKNESS YOU'VE WONDERED ABOUT SO OFTEN....

BUT THIS DARKNESS IS NOT WHAT YOU IMAGINED. IT'S LONELY. YOU FEEL LIKE A DESTITUTE SOUL IN A FOREST OF SOLITUDE.

NOW IS THE TIME YOU SO BADLY NEED YOUR FRIENDS. WHERE ARE THEY TO BE FOUND? THEY MUST KNOW THE DIRECTION HERE. AFTER ALL, I FOUND IT!

-- Kathryne D. Bercel

Towering redwoods
Delicately colored buds
How vast is nature

—Jacqui Alexander

A tree branches out
A barren winter statue
Color has fallen

—Diane Jansky

I am not like them.
I can see your glass exterior
stretch as you breathe.
I can see your anger flare
when you break.
I can see your evilness when
you distort people.
I can see you manipulate people,
when they stare into you
and are captivated by what
they see.
But you all share the same weakness,
the light.
The light reveals your lies.
You not being very intelligent,
forget what lie you told
under which light.
The light carries the burden of blame
for you.
But I know it's really you.

-- Karen Fallon

What goes thru your mind?
When you see me walking
down the street? Fear?
Hatred? Why? Why must
you walk with blinders
on and see only what you
want to see? Why can't
you accept me for what
I am? Why must I
conform to you? I don't
want to be like you!
Because I'm no fashionite!

-- Laura Rogers

I have seen you from a distance
I have seen you from afar
But it seems I've never seen you in another
woman's arms
Each night I wish to be with you
And my chance will soon be here

I hope we'll be together long
I really hope we do
Although I don't know you
It seems as though I do
Each night I wish you here with me
And I see you in my dreams
Yet it seems I'm reaching out to you
And you somehow don't see me!

—Elizabeth Ekborg

You're just boarding down the street
All decked out
Are you going to a show
or are you just being cool?
"Love and Anarchy" is written
on the sidewalk.
The skater just stubs his
cigarette out on "Love and Anarchy"
Yeah, he's going to a show.

-- Laura Rogers

Stranglers—
Mysterious men
creeping around in the dark
now they leave their marks

—Debbie LaFond

Windows are open
curtains fly in the breeze
the smell of freshly mowed grass

--Martha Houts

It fell in buckets
Dancing on the sidewalks and
then leaving without a trace

—Stacy Singer

A snowflake flutters
Melting when it reaches warmth
On the ground below

—Barbara Bosak

Elizabeth Ekborg

The rain is over
beautiful white fluffy clouds
where is the rainbow?

— Marna Ringel

A cold, foggy day
too many problems to solve
frustration has set in

-- Martha Houts

Drips of moisture fall
The clouds seem to be crying
A day to stay in

—Stacy Singer

*Annalisa Salustri*

## THE HEALING OF TIME

Where should I go?
What shall I do?
Love had grown strong
Then it was gone
What happened to my love?

My heart was torn to pieces
Like a shattered piece of glass
Many tears were in his eyes
Twice as many were in mine
We were still in love
We went our separate ways
What happened to our love?

After some years apart
An arrow was sent
Through our broken hearts
We took it slow to start
So it would work out right
Love was found in that night

The healing of time
Works out in the end
To mend broken hearts
To learn where to begin

To know when to push
To know when to shove
To show your emotions
When love's at an end

If love's to keep you closer
Don't break apart
Just remember—
Time will mend all broken hearts.

-- Christine Gooch

Grey clouds cry wet tears
falling among the children
happiness is here

— Diane Jansky

A raindrop trickles
down the frozen windowpane
new life forms exist

— Mary DeBaggis

SPRING IN THE WOODS

Sunlight filters through the leaves
Casting a lacy pattern of shadows
on the soft earth below
A chipmunk scampers into a
darkened crevice of a nearby tree,
Frightened by the caw of a distant hawk.
The air is filled with the fresh
smell of spring
The musty odor of moss-covered rocks
moist with morning dew.
And the sweet smell of pine and oak
and green
Everything smells green
During spring in the woods.

Soft mellow sounds fill the air
The gurgle of a babbling brook
breaking new passage through the
melting snow
Birds chirp from their perches high
in tree tops
The rustle of dried leaves left behind
from a long cold winter
Even silence sings its own sweet tune
Summer is just a whisper away
During spring in the woods

-- Lisa Davis

The sun's heart— so strong
makes everything warm, happy
it is friendly

-- Tiffany McGarr

The sun: light, heat, life
its strength untouchable
illuminating....

— Jackie Bizier

In the hot summer
the pond ever so tranquil
a new life is born.

— Mary DeBaggis

The birds fly away
The waves crashed against the rocks
summer is over

— Lisa Booth

Four prongs holding a precious element
only found in the living in the sea.
Round in shape, white in color
gleams from the soft light.

Two other organic stones glistening
like a prism.
The precious element has become
surrounded by the organic masses.
The gold arch placed on a special finger.

The meaning is beautiful
the object a symbol of foreverness.
Foreverness of the object
Foreverness of the persons.

-- Rhonda Perry

Elizabeth Ekborg

A white snowflake falls
we all silently watch it
gasping at its beauty

--Regina Smith

Snow, falling gently,
causing all the world to look,
the delicate lace.

-- Rachel Merrill

Looking glass to life,
the window, innocent to man,
opening the world

-- Rachel Merrill

Snow falls from the sky
covers the highest mountains
white as clouds in morn'

— Kati Hanafin

Snowflakes fall oh so tender,
tingling in the snow,
as if some magic were to appear

—Theresa Cassata

## L-I-F-E

We want to go!
Why must we stay?
This thing we call life ... what does it mean?
What purpose does it have?
Sorrow and solitude ... this is life?
Take me into recesses of dark oblivion.
Take me to meet the men with the black capes and steel masks.
Hold out your arms in a sign of recognition.
Open your doors in a sign of entry.
Close your hearts in a sign of omission.
Here lie the souls of unknown people.
Our remembrance of days long past, lives shortly lived are
Obscured by the darkness we have sought and found.
Found are the answers to our many questions.
Lost are the meaning to these answers.

— Kathryne D. Bercel

## I LIVE FOR . . .

I live for my dreams — that's all I've got
I live for what I know and have been taught
I live for the sun brightening my day
I live for the time it fades away
I live for the stars on a moonlit night
I live for the moments you hold me tight
I live for the ocean, the waves, and the sand
I live for the times you hold my hand
I live for your voice whispering my name
I live for your freedom for you are untamed
I live for the rain, the clouds, and the mist
I live for your warm and gentle kiss
I live for the flowers glistening with dew
I live not for myself. I live for you

— Lisa Davis

A crisp autumn day
feathers from fluttering ducks
shimmer in the pond.

—Mary DeBaggis

The deer is hunting
for a man took its baby
for a wall display

— Marna Ringel

On top of a hill
green grass and mountains forever
The wilderness lives....

— Kelee Healy

## EXPECTATIONS

To see yourself through the eyes of others,
does it bring disappointment?
Always in expectation does hope
crumble.

Will dreaming conquer these
expectations?

A feeling of non-existence creeps upon you — when looked down upon by the shadow of judgment. The shadow's appearance is unimaginable, at times frightening, other times you want to flow into it. As the wasted hours slip away — time faces memories. When loneliness creeps upon you like an unwanted stranger — you must leave these thoughts behind to transform into dust. Look into the deep crevices of your mind. Leave the words — they no longer bring satisfaction. Thoughts are now empty. Let the thoughts mingle with that dust and become one. Let tonight face tomorrow and become one. Let the expectations crumble if they may.

-- Karen Fallon

NOVEMBER 6, 1984

I had a dream . . . . .
I could smell the times of a
clear-blue society. A true
peace, of a still nation, of
a fair nation. But the beautiful
scent has evaporated. My dream
has drowned in a pond of useless
tears. The tears strangled the
memories. My dream is gone.
Now the fear begins.
Our souls will perish together.

A wave of injustice flows from
the blood stained "American"
flag. The tears of injustice are
bitter, unbearable, forever.
I condemn those whose fight
was not fought.
I condemn myself.
I condemn the ignorance of
those who cast the line before
looking.

They are his people now,
He is their king.
The wrinkled face of the king
the crooked face of the king.
Whose hands are unable to
stretch to their capacity,
Because his heart does not.
He has now become the
king of a lost, uncaring,
self-serving people. The lines
upon his face map out
a journey of condemnation.
A journey which passes the
naked, starving, illiterate
people, who are a part of all
of us.

My tears again fall.
They unite with those
of a still humane call.
These tears are extremely
bitter.
Because they serve no purpose.

I had a dream . . . . .
It drowned . . . . .
The tears strangle the memories . . . .
The fear begins . . . . .
My soul dies . . . . .

-- K.C. Fallon

## A LIFE WRAPPED UP IN MUSIC

As the paper folds,
The words will stop flowing one day
What then?
No Music —No words
The remaining glitter hangs by a string
Ever tempting to break.
your mask is withering away. The no longer everlasting melody is fading from the exterior of your being. Your presence will diminish crumbling as leaves do. No longer a tall forbidding statue. The statue is now a weak presence. The lines on the mask are fading. Don't let people see inside. They don't understand your words. They'll soon see that your glass exterior holds the shadows of evil. When they seep through they will conceal themselves in your beauty. Your exterior is now so fragile, the winds are dismantling it. Your words no longer protect you. Uncertainty surrounds you. Life no longer dances within you —when the words fade
—and the music stops.

- Karen Fallon

One flower blooming
in its own peacefulness
until the bee comes

—Gisele Morissett

The rose sits very still
The sun...the petals open
The cold...they fall off

— Suzanne Russell

Butterfly, Butterfly oh so free
  You don't have a care in the world
Why can't we . . . .

—Michelle Plumer

Warm, peaceful sun rays
  glistening on the ski slope
  day is at its peak

-- Denise LaFrance

Cool, crisp, fresh night air
the horses' footsteps....
    muffled by the snow

--Tiffany McGarr

It's a new beginning
a time for flowers to bloom
and births of baby animals

-- Jeanette Orvis

The clouds motionless
Lying over the city
Until the sun comes

--Jennifer Machinski

The sea is still now
The many ships have passed through
Darkness covers it

—Diane Jansky

Christmas morning
smells of good food seep through the house
what a happy time.

-- Martha Houts

## REALITY

As I said to myself many times,
you cannot hide.
It is breathing, pounding vigorously
inside you.
It's determined to live.
Begging of it to let your conscience rest,
it hears you.
It will not listen. Not now, not ever.
Its shadow hovers over you,
Its transparent colors suffocate you.
Its movement echos inside you.
It takes its form in everything you do.
It lives in everything you touch.
Either with your hands or eyes
Eyes closed, you turn away
But still, you unwillingly see its
Unshapely forms unite themselves
Its blinding light looks unto you
Its the unknown creeping into you
Trying to cross the bleak border
into existence.

— Karen Fallon

## AS I SAID TO MY SHADOW...

As I said to my shadow,"You sometimes scare me.
You creep up behind me in a darkened room with
Only the light seeping through beneath the door.

"You always follow me. Through the street, into my
Room. Sometimes you are bigger than I. Other times
You are just a small recreation of me. You are there
With my friends; you are there when I'm alone. You
Never tire of following my footsteps into unknown
Places or into situations of fear. Who are you?
What are you? What is the nature of this undying
Devotion? Will you always be there with me in my
Times of trouble and uncertainty?

You were, you are, you shall always be, because you are
My shadow."

-- Kathryne D. Bercel

## THE RIDDLE INSIDE ME

It's red with emotion and love.
It must forego hurt inflicted by those you cherish.
It never really fully mends.
It is played with, broken down.
Sometimes you think it may never ever function to its fullest.
Its weaknessess are found and toyed with so that you find it
hard to feel again.
It does not make a sound in front of others, but collapses
when solitude is found.
You put others at a safe distance.
You don't need a new emotion besides the red.
You are now aware, you are now safe.
Or are you?

—Kathryne D. Bercel

A single circle
in a group of jagged lines
there is still some hope.

—Kathryn Lord

Loud roaring waves
seagulls squeal in the distance
while the sun sets

—Michelle Townsend

The dark forest
rich with life of all sorts
just waiting for us

-- Jeanette Orvis

## THE PUZZLE

A puzzle,
Like a friendship,
Is put together
Piece by piece.

It grows
And grows,
Until finally one day
A picture emerges.

But as time goes by,
The puzzle has to be
Taken apart.

The puzzle
Is never as wonderful
As it was
The first time.

Even when
The puzzle
Is put together
Once again.

—Lisa Booth

You light the wick.
Bright and shimmery, it brings you light in a dark place. The flame dances with Every little movement. Shadows are cast across the room to rest upon the walls And ceiling. Space in time, the flame is mine! Stare into the flame; see the Light from deep inside. Your eyes warm up and squint slightly at the light. You see images in time, of a forgotten past. Another day in time, another time In time. All you realize now is the orangy color of a quickly fading flame.

The wax slowly runs down the sides. The light is still burning bright Though. There's a limit to this illumination before you. You desire eternal Presence of this candle, but it gets shorter and shorter. You see less of the Wax protecting the flame, but the flame remains the same, no smaller, no bigger. Shadows are no smaller, no bigger.

Your last glimpse of the light was not so long ago. Below, surrounding The candle, is a pedestal of wax. Though the wick has been burned away and the Light has diminished into a greyish memory, there still stands the past on a Pedestal of wax.

-- Kathryne D. Bercel

The flames riding high
The smoke filling up the air
Dying from water

--Joan Flaherty

Bright light in the sky
A ball of fire roaming earth
Each ray -- full of power

—Jackie Sterner

The once silk red rose
bends over to go to rest
waking some sunny day

—Mary Luscinski

Dark clouds high above
Grumble and cry
Let their tears fall down

—Erika DeMarco

A rosebud looks out
and decides to come out to
a beautiful day

— Marna Ringel

THE SUN

Have you felt its presence lately?
The warmth penetrating through you,
protecting you from the cold, grey
earth.

Its heat is like fire that can't
wait to scorch you.
It's waiting for you; it's waiting to
take you away.

— Annalisa Salustri

## AT NIGHT

What lingers deep within the woods
Shadows cast from moonlight beams

A silvery mist near the creek
Silently flowing except for the images it holds

Brisk wind blowing the swaying trees
Over the mysteries of these woods

-- Debbie Catalano

## THE MOON

Hear it howl
And others when it's full

Shine on this evening
Help bring it to perfection

Some are afraid
Others believe

Suspicion is in the air
For it sometimes brings surprises

Couldn't this happen during the day?
When the moon isn't there?

Or do the superstitious overrule?

-- Kristin Chenette

The night, cold and dark
The moon a silver sliver
warming only the heart...

—Jackie Bizier

Moon in the darkness
Shining on the open sea
Sailboat caught in light

-- Wendy Bosworth

## THE MAN IN THE BLACK THREE-PIECE SUIT

His body and mind were shocked by the ocean
He had adapted himself to a life as part of society
 rather than life as part of "earth"
Should he turn back now?

The wind blew his hat away,
 but he only smiled.
He used his cane for balance
as the waves broke over his legs.

Cries of joy rolled out over the water.
Running along the shore line he left his shoes
behind, washed away
with his footprints.
The sand felt better than he
could have ever imagined.
What silly thing had led him away?

-- Cheryl Wilson

Wind blows so coldly
as the sand is taken out
to the sea to swim

—Lisa Booth

A cool summer night
the smell of the ocean water
darkness has arrived

—Karen Rooney

Nights by the ocean
waves smashing, wind blowing
simply beautiful

—Carla Paci

The sun looks down
on the blue sparkling water
It makes it shine

—Heather Mann

Beauty in the sky
    birds fly and sing sweet songs
Beauty passes by

—Kati Hanafin

## SO MUCH MORE TO GIVE

As I watch the sun rise
I wonder what I'm trying to say
As I begin each new morning
I know it's going to be a beautiful day

Some say I'm a dreamer
But I really don't care
Because I just keep on dreaming
Dreams I want to share

Life means so much to me
And I hope you'll understand
I just take it one day at a time
And nothing in my life is ever planned

I may die tomorrow
or I may go on, and live
But please understand
I have so much more to give

As I watch the sunset
It leaves me empty inside
But at least I have the satisfaction
Of knowing that I've tried

-- D.D. Fiore

## MAY 4TH, 1919

In a tintype photograph
a nameless face
a moment of life
caught in motionless time.

Your eyes reflect the suppressed
smile
that should have been
yours to express.

An innocent child
a hostile time.

You were so alive that day,
May 4, 1919.

-- Maryalice Sullivan

Sunrise in the morn
beginning of a new day
life is worth living

— Debbie LaFond

## LIKE A CANDLE

Like a candle that glows,
So do our hearts

But like a candle too,
There are dim parts

Yet the candle is relit with all its warmth
And the glow is stronger than the dim

-- Debbie Catalano

Velvet is the rose
Soft against my powdered cheek
Gently it tickles

—Lisa Davis

South for the winter
Frozen ponds, no food nor warmth
Flee for survival

—Dina Nichols

The lovely flower
sitting in the warming sun
along comes the rain

-- Jennifer Machinski

## COOL SUMMER MORNING

The breeze gently whispers
The leaves ruffle their reply

The birds sing their happiness
in the trees where they fly

The flowers brightly beam their proud display
The blue sky's the final touch to this peaceful day

-- Debbie Catalano

## CASTLE OF ICE

Dance, dance, wind around me.
Shine, shine, sun above me.
Smile, smile, life is upon me.
Rainbows and sunrises.
Sunsets and black moons.
Grown-ups and children.
You call my name, touch my soul.
You touch my heart, lose me forever.
Your castle towers over me, glittering like
Diamonds, but freezes my heart.
There lie my hopes in a castle of ice.

—Kathryne D. Bercel

The bright yellow flowers
scattered helplessly across the field
symbolizing life

--Regina Smith

## CAN'T STOP

I can't stop thinking of you,
you're on my mind.
I can't stop thinking of you
all the time.
I love you so and hope you
feel
as much as I do that our love
is real.

—Elizabeth Ekborg

Being here with you
Hand in hand forever
There is happiness

--Kim Cameron

PROMISED

Remember the day we promised to last
or do you think that should be in the past
Every little thought of life we shared.
Every little look made me think you cared.
We promised to fight through life together.
We promised to make life last forever.
We promised to each other to be a best friend.
No matter what, we could always mend
Then it came to the day of a fight
But of course we let each other be right.
We promised never to say good-bye.
We promised to love together until the day
we die.
All of this I promised to you.
And all of this you promised too.
My love for you is what I'll always send
Because this promise is life-long right to
the end.

-- Regina Smith

Feeling your embrace
Embracing you in return
Friends are Forever

--Kim Cameron

# ANSWERS TO A QUESTIONNAIRE

Describe your adolescence.

Lots of friends, fun and
Field trips. Snow-removal
For money after storms. Hot
Oatmeal for breakfast.
Mom smoothing lotion
All over my face each
Morning.

Where do you live?

In the center of the universe,
Many share this place, quite
Expensive. Most of the time it
Is worth it.

Are you male or female?

Take a look and tell me what
You see.

Have you married?

No, not legally. Although to
Some I am considered to be.

What was a crucial moment in your life?

I thought I found myself, but I only
Found an old yearbook full of lousy
Memories. Soon after that, I think I
Really found myself.

List any awards and honors.

One helluva boyfriend!
He is my best friend now
And probably always will be.
Birds fly!

Give a statement of your future plans.

To catch a cloud and sink
Into it.
To be happy.
To follow the sunset forever.
To love and be loved.

-- Kristin Chenette

The broken branches
Are scattered on the cold earth
A bird's egg hatched

— Mary DeBaggis

Death is like the leaves
that fall on the ground in fall
to be part of earth

— Gisele Morissett

Petals rest on water
they have fallen off trees...
peaceful reflections

— Missy DeAngelis

OH, what a cold night....
there lies the sleepless stray dog
till morning; the sun

— Tracy Allen

MISS AMELIA BENTLY SMITH

Outside my window,
the gray of technology.
I sit before my table
aged, grand, and proud,
while a daydream of
lilacs cradles me,
defying the cement.

I look at my walls,
a laughing yellow.
Abe Lincoln stares
back from time.

Patter, pat, pitter.
Rusted water hits my sink.
A petal falls, beyond
remembrance.

All sound has stopped
now, as I look down upon myself
sitting next to
dead lilacs.

-- Maryalice Sullivan

His work is strange;
to take someone so young,
when they have so much
more to do and see
seems so unfair

— Barbara Lootz

## RESCUER

Have you ever wondered
How he does the things he does
For times when we are under
He knocks on our closed doors.

Be not stubborn when he knocks
For help is on its way
Just open up those doors of rocks
And slide the storms away.

--Marilyn Louis

## A SEARCH

A search for his love
His hand in mine
Two hearts beating intensely
Not a word spoken
Nothing to say
Is it in his eyes?
Is it lust or love?
Let me search through your soul
Let me search for your true feelings

—Elizabeth Ekborg

His tall, lean body
weaving, bending like a snake
Darting in and out of the
crowds, pushing back any
fears or anxieties. As
he builds up speed, the
people whiz by at a dizzying
rate. One thought passes
through his mind, only—
one thought of finishing.

-- Laura Rogers

## THE KILLING INSTINCT

The darkness is controlled
by an angered spirit.

A being who takes his
revenge on everyone
whose words are numb.

His eyes emerge from
the aged flesh of the
slaughtered.

When receiving him —
You must look closer —
he's not what he appears to be.

His frightening touch will
steal your soul.

No need for prayer
Fate never reaches those
who don't belong.

-- Karen Fallon

## WAR AND PEACE

War and peace don't mix.
How can you have peace after war,
When the memory remains.
How can you have peace before war,
When the fear is within

-- Michele Lee

Black licorice nights
Turning to brightly lit days
Back to misty dusk

— Barbara Bosak

Bees sting to protect their young
I killed to protect myself
How could I be so selfish

— Michelle Plumer

A sound in the dark
Interrupting peaceful sleep
To find wind as cause

— Barbara Bosak

## THE DANCER

She moves with sheer grace.
Her body moves with the beat she hears.
The outside world is something unknown to her for now.
She dances for the beat, and to the beat she dances.
She envelops her audience so that they enter a state of satisfaction.
She becomes a dancer on a cloud filled with dreams.
Now is her time to dream and imagine her never-never land.
The sweat streams fast down her face and throat.
She's momentarily lost in the song playing.
Her limbs do not become weary. Her mind is filled with thoughts of the future.
She projects the past into the past.
Meanwhile, she uses her present to concentrate on making her future full of bright lights and a flawless existence.
Although the past is gone, the present still remains.
Her future will become her expected desire.

— Kathryne D. Bercel

Day dreaming
Day dreaming in class
left me no time to do work
and then it was time to go

— Stacy Singer

He can see the image
in his mind; over and over
it turns. As he places
his foot on the board,
his pulse quickens. Kick
turn. Kick turn. Skate
that half-pipe like a
pro. Faster and faster, he
builds up speed, only
to come crashing down
halfway through.

-- Laura Rogers

Snow-covered mountains
Gleaming in the morning light
Open to the world

-- Wendy Bosworth

The sun was going down
behind the highest mountain
now the night will be....

- Priscilla Spencer

Clouds form in the sky
Raindrops flutter to the earth
Grass is smiling bright

—Jacqueline Furlong

Covered mountain tops
The forest is down below
Running through the snow: a deer

— Carla Paci

You enter this strange world of imagination and sophistication. You fight against the bad and evil around you. You guard against Being hurt from your so-called friends who are sometimes nothing But strangers to your eyes. They play with your mind as well as Your soul. You put up barriers to stay safe and secure. But these Barriers sometimes get broken down so that you are free to feel the Cold and hurt of your uninvited guests. There is a breeze blowing at You from some direction unknown.

What is its origin?

You try to find it, but are only encountered then by another. You Armour yourself against its bite. You turn your back against the wind, Evading its unwanted presence. You're pushed and guided into a state Of awareness. Aware of life. Its joys, and its tears, which are very Often yours as well!

-- Kathryne D. Bercel

Ocean waves splashing
at my feet they trickle down
sensation at last

— Kim Carlstrom

On the rainy day
the clouds took over the sun
the flowers rejoiced

--Lisa Blasi

Feeling all alone
I think of fond memories
We are together

--Kim Cameron

Whenever I have the time,
I just sit.
In the warm sunshine
streaming through the window,
on a early Saturday
morning in Spring.
I dream of how the happiness
will feel when it comes,
So warm and refreshing.
After months of suffering
through endless tears,
Searching for all the
unwritten answers to so
many questions.
I never understand the
reasons I'm forced to accept,
Always wanting to return
to the years of carefree days
Protected by the love of my family.
Growing older has made me
grow apart from the family.
No longer do I share my
secrets.
I just sit by the window
on a warm Saturday in Spring
and dream of what it will be like:
Older yet, the starting of
a family with a husband.
Enjoying the times that the
family grows together,
Realizing that soon enough
they will be growing up and they
might sit by the window
in the Spring on a warm Saturday.

-- Lisa Lundin

Hear the whispering
of the grass in the meadow
as the soft wind blows

-- Tiffany McGarr

The rainbow shines bright
The colors glow in the light
They die in the night

--Joan Flaherty

A giant collage
The buds begin to open
The garden's in bloom

--Kim Cameron

## TO OUR CREATOR

Don't turn the light out on us . . . yet.
We are a nation of frightened people.
The unknown deceives us. The spirit
of life kindles in our hearts.
It needs to burn.
It will burn,
The destructive spirit
once more gives us a chance.
Let us prove our worthiness
of your world. Lead us to the
tree of knowledge,
Let us splendor in the fruit
of goodness.
Let us devour its wisdom.
Lead us to the path which we all
seek. The path of unity and peace
awaits us.
Let our ears be no longer deaf
to the calling.
Let this destructive path end
under the knowledge tree.
May its fruits fall unto us.
Return to ashes the hatred
and unbrotherly evil which
has begun to poison our beings.
Let it be no longer in our hearts,
minds, and spirit.
Let the foreign spirit lose its
power and turn over our beings
over to you. We place our hopeful
spirits in your strong, forgiving
hands. We ask you to enfold
us, united and full of love, into these
hands, and accept our souls.

-- Karen Fallon

A single feather falls down
stranded from a small white dove
joy brought to mankind

-- Kim Gammino

Cold, damp rain; bright sun
United produce color
The end is not reached

—Dina Nichols

City hunger
  rumbling sounds
torn winter jackets
  nowhere  is bound
Lost and alone on a cold winter's night
  down comes the snow
   soft, clean and white
Wash it away
  This sickness and sorrow
Until we meet again,
  sometime tomorrow

-- Kristin Mooers

Gentle is the wind
Playfully tugging leaves
Which soon float away

—Lisa Davis

## TOGETHER AT LAST

The sparkle of the moonlight
Reflections on the water
The sailboats bobbing
The darkness of night
The stars glistening brightly
The cool sand
A warm hand
Alone with him
At last, together alone

—Elizabeth Ekborg

Way down in the sea
Reflecting and absorbing
Always new frontiers

—Robin E. Barber

Gazing at the sea
Gently the waves lap the sand
Clouds shift overhead

—Lisa Davis

WITHOUT A HOME . . .

They sit
aged before their time
aged before the seasons should
have allowed them to be.

They lie
their souls wretched
their bodies worn
their minds, castles of hatred
ravished of all life
drained of pure existence.

They die
forever forgotten
Before, Now, and Eternally

But why?

-- Karen Fallon

Through the falling snow
A deer runs through a forest
for winter is here

—Marna Ringel

A time for dying
The cold frost moves in
To kill what now lives

—Dina Nichols

The child and the man
are walking about the city,
The man much larger than
the child, hangs his head
in pity.
The man upset for
what the child has done,
but willing to help him
for he is the man's son.

-- Sue Linehan

## THE GUITAR PLAYER

A man in a corner
Playin' a guitar
The peaceful music
A noisy crowd
A small room
A large house
The music soft
The man handsome
My heart beating
His eyes meet mine
I turn away
He stares
A glance, a look, a stare
The music fades
He walks away

—Elizabeth Ekborg

Upon a bench
In the park
A man
His guitar
The music
A bittersweet melody

— Elizabeth Ekborg

The darkness flies
Like a raven's morbid song
The blossoms descend

—Elise Junas

## ON THE WAY

Walking down the street
The brisk wind is cutting my cheeks, but
My sunny thoughts
Warm my face

The music in my ears,
Keeps the cold out

Along my daily travels,
I let my thoughts go astray

Finally where everyone and everything is that I love
Home is the best place to be

-- Debbie Catalano

Kathryne Bercel

A THOUGHT

Living in a world of fantasy
Never knowing what's coming my way.

Wizards and worries
Dragons and Demons
All people of a modern world
So strange but so wonderful.
I'll cast them all away until another day.

Living in a world of fantasy
Having only sweet dreams, and
no one is going to
Turn them into nightmares.

Places of beauty and mystery
All captured in a single thought.

-- Lisa Booth

The hot blazing sun
Looks down upon the water
Shadows from the sky

— Kati Hanafin

Rippling water
Sparkles in the bright sunlight
As boats move slowly

-- Dina Nichols

Alas the time comes to lay my pen down
Yet thoughts will still flow
In a come-and-go motion
These thoughts that I dwell upon have
been real for me
Though now it is the time to lay them to
rest and begin again later
Later at a new time
Time when the thought will flow and not
have to be thought

— Elizabeth Ekborg

A MIRROR IMAGE

I look into the mirror
and a stranger looks back at me.
  Who is she?
  What does she want?
  Why is she here?
The once familiar face
is only a remembrance,
  an empty,
  lifeless shell.
Where have I gone to?
What happened to me?
Come back to life, Mary!

-- Mary DeBaggis

The moon shines upon
a reflection of itself
As the waves corrupt

—Donna Hurney

SECRETS

Gaze into my eyes
What do you see?
Do you see me?

Your gorgeous eyes,
they,  they,
hide,  hide,
hide what?
they hide...
...secrets.

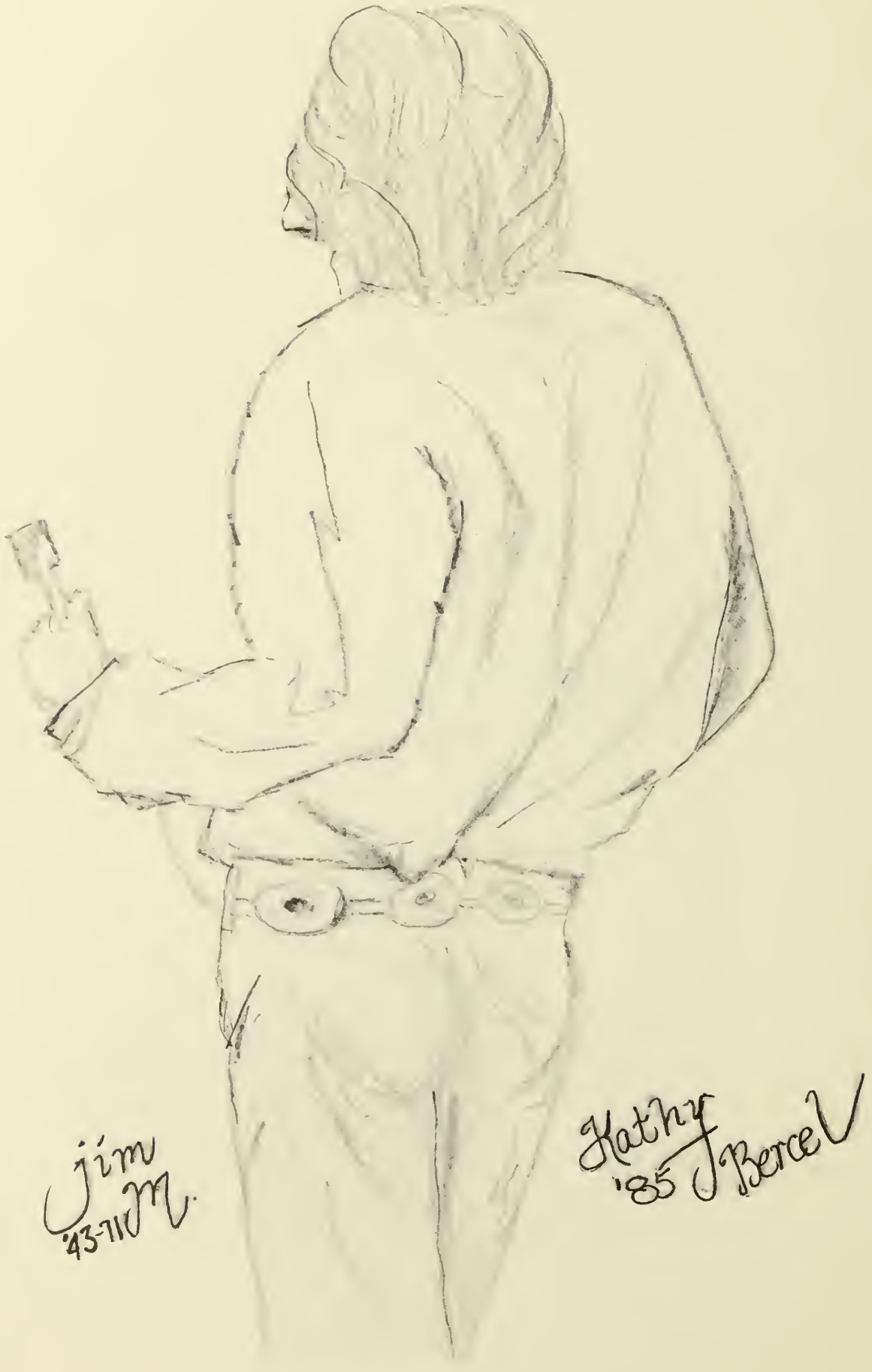
— Elizabeth Ekborg

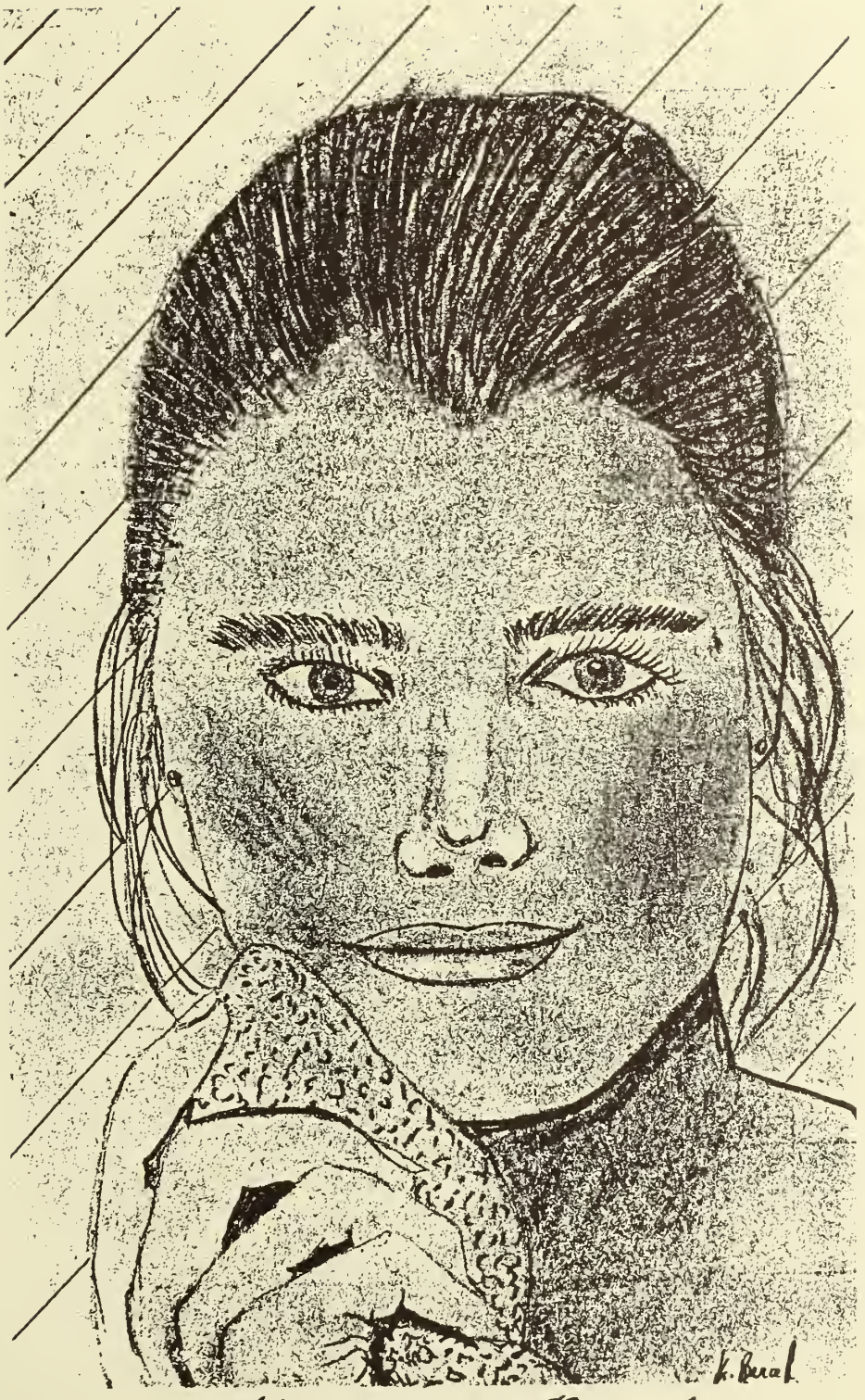
Annalisa Salustri

JIM MORRISON

Hello, I love you, wild child, but this is the end. There's nothing left to do but run, run, run. If you see the crawling King Snake and get scared, just touch me as we hide in the soul kitchen, by the grave of the unknown soldier. Even though all the cars hiss by, they won't find you. You're lost little girl, but as we break on through to the other side, we ask ourselves, "How did they find out you were a 20th century fox?" I suppose it won't matter if you get caught by the L.A. Woman. I know these are strange days, but we will find Love Street if you light my fire. Just say, "Love me two times," and I'll follow you anywhere. One last thing before we leave; "Who do you love?"

-- Jackie LeBlanc


Jim
'43-11
Kathy
'85 Bercel



Kathryne Bercel

SOMEWHERE, SOMETIME, WITH SHACKLES ON MY FEET

She walks through foreign space.
Wind slashing at her face.
The screams and laughs are long gone.
The sun is running towards the wall of night.
Your thoughts are rushing through your brain.
Questions, answers. Now is the time to let your thinking go.
Now is the time to let your problems loose.
Loose to gain the answers your soul needs.
It's yielding in your ears, blurring your vision ahead.
It's times like these that they trickle at the back of your eyes.
The crash of waves startle her instantly. The waves wrap around her ankles like shackles of long ago.
Keeping her eyes on a quickly fading sunset, her body and soul wander far away.
She comes to a slow stop.
Although she's physically at a standstill, her consciousness seems to be getting further and further out of reach.
Is there someone watching your sorrow here?
Is there someone up there reading your thoughts?
The cold and the darkness does not affect you.
You are in a fantasy world all your own.
The feeling of someone flooding the world is nothing but the tide grabbing at your ankles.
You suddenly realize that your body is trembling. Was it the dream, or was it the cold?
Thrusting what has just happened to the extreme of your mind, you start homeward again with the shackles still tugging at your ankles....

- Kathryne D. Bercel

## GRANNY

Some people said she was crazy
with all her wild antics,
(her Sunday bingo and her smart-ass comments.)

She always had to put her two cents in
And made it well-known when she was angry.

We all loved her dearly,
Just as she loved all of us
And we prayed for each other at Sunday Mass.

We'd all talk together about how indestructible she was.
We had decided she'd outlive us all.

But in one sudden moment . . . .

What a wonderful grandmother she was.

--Donna Dallago

"Hey lady on the moon,"
they say,
"Please come down
Don't complete yourself
and leave no room
for us."

"Oh, no," says the lady
"I am from the planet FALLON.
I cannot come down
for if I do
I shall only slip through your world,
your souls, your hearts, your minds,
for there is nothing to hold me down,
in your form of existence."

"Please come down
lady from FALLON
We want to help you.
We are from the planet Earth
We are friendly."

"Oh no," says the lady,
"the souls from the planet Earth
cannot hold me down. Because
there is no planet Earth.

-- Karen Fallon

Kathryne Bercel

SHE SLOWLY INDULGED THE DARKNESS WITH HER FEARS . . . .

She slowly indulged the darkness with her fears. Loneliness and fear built inside her. A strange unknown formed outside her. She wondered how long she had been lying there. Innate forms seem to be taking on distinct life qualities. The curtains were breathing, expanding with the winds of the bitter cold night air. The shadows of the dancing curtains surprised her. The black curtain seemed to have a luminous glow. The pillows grew hard. Odd noises rumbled from beneath them. She felt odd sensations run up and down her back. She felt a strange presence behind her. The brass coatrack seemed to cling to itself in the darkness. She felt a ripping feeling tug at the back of her. She sat up and felt her back. Everything seemed okay. She reached down, her hand oddly vibrating. Her hand felt burning and wet. She looked down--
the rip was growing. Shadows were all around her, but they were not her own. Her whole body was sinking, melting into the bed. The water burned her, turning her skin inside out. She was in shock. The bed consumed her; it swallowed her, closing itself. Once, before the shadows covered the bed back up with the red blankets, her eyes could be seen opening--red with fear--bulging with horror.

--Karen Fallon

Kathryne Bercel

# THE PRESENCE

The moon shone over the vast hillside. The trees slowly swayed to the rhythm of the breeze blowing eastward. I stood there on top to marvel at the unbelievably dark image below me.

Below, the sea waves rushed to the shore and rippled the sand. The night was silent. The breeze was inviting. The presence of the moon in full gave a slightly eery feel to the night.

The peace was at last reached. I had searched for it for so long, so many times. I let myself be engulfed by the beauty of my surroundings. Sitting there at the top of the world, no one, nothing could possibly reach me. I was in a state of abandonment. Abandoning to the beauty and the rarity of this awesome find.

I let my thoughts stray from the present and lapse into the past. The memories of what seemed a lifetime ago were only just the yesterdays of the future. The laughs and the tears. The happy moments and the sad. The unbelievable and the real. The dreams and the nightmares flashed through my brain. So this was the past...this is the present...tomorrow shall be the beginning of a future that is unforeseen.

The huge rocks made me feel a prisoner of the world. Not to touch, not to see, not even to hear,but just to escape for a short while. I looked searchingly into the sky above me. What would tomorrow bring? But all that caught my attention was the radiance of the moon itself.

Like a curtain of protection, it gave nothing away, nor did I take anything from it but the chance to soak in the silence and the solitude of the night quickly passing me by.

Tomorrow will set with the sun and end another day. Only when it sets will I know what is in store for me. But just for today, not next week or next year, but just one day of thousands to come.

-- Kathryne D. Bercel

Alice picks up her multicolored pill box. Retrieving a shiny black stone, she holds it up to the light.

"Magic powers and mythical towers."

Driven by unknown forces, she slowly walks over to the terrace. Opening the screen door, she strolls out onto the deck.

"I know I'm magic; I can feel the force," she says.

*Then come out and play and show us this magic.*

"No!" Alice shouts. "It's a secret shared by no one. He said no one can know!"

*He who? Who told you this?*

"That's a secret too! No one will ever know, because it's magic and power beyond your wildest imagination."

Turning on her heel, she re-enters the house and closes the door behind her. She walks toward her bedroom. Suddenly the room is dominated by a bright light.

*Join the light and become a part of it.*

Alice stares down at the black stone.

"It's the stone that illuminates the room!", she says. "I'm already a part of the light!"

She strides over to the light reflection on the wall. Without hesitation, she enters the wall. The sky outside shouts out to beckon her. Entering deeper and deeper into the light, she holds the stone in a strong clasp. All her secrets are kept within this stone. A solitary soul diffused within it.

*You have found the entrance to the light. You can go out and play with your friends now.*

"I can? But how?" She asks.

*I introduced you to the light,now you do the same for them and banish all their questions.*

"But I can't. It's a secret. You told me so. If I go out and play with them, they'll ask about the stone!"

*The light presents no danger. Guide them toward it, and let them splendor in its magic.*

"But then the secret is no more!"

*You must not be selfish. Let others understand it too.*

.....

...The loud noise of thunder wakes Alice from her sleep.

She remembers the storm and wonders whether it was just a dream. With a quizzical look on her face, she glides off the bed and goes over to her bureau. Opening her pillbox, she sees the black stone. Was it a dream? Was it real? She puts the stone back into the pillbox, sets the box down and forgets the whole thing for now.

She strolls into the kitchen. 'Mom? Mom? Dad?" She yells, remembering it's Sunday morning, church day. She takes two slices of bread and pops them into the toaster. Sunday morning. She should have gone to church, but ever since her ordeal with Father Joseph three years ago, she decided that church wasn't for her. She stood by the toaster daydreaming about that day. While frantically chewing on her toast, she relives that day.

It was probably sometime in the end of July; she couldn't exactly remember what day. She woke with the feeling that today was not her best of days. Strolling into the kitchen dressed in a red and white velvet dress which fell below her knees, with ruffled sleeves and a white ruffled belt, she greeted her parents. The drive to St. Euleilie's wasn't too far, maybe ten minutes or so. She was in a bad mood and didn't want to deal with anyone. The front of the church was crowded from side to side. Neighbors chatting with neighbors and their children running around with other children. When it came time to enter the heavy rosewood doors, Alice was already tired and restless.

"We will start today with a section about "Youth and the Child", Father Joseph joyously announced. Alice thought to herself; adults love talking about their children and the bad things they do; I actually think they thrive on it!

"Children are our products and we must guide them to become responsible and respectful adults. Children are the essence of our future. They must be shaped properly." He went on and on about how important it is that we children become respectful and responsible and how most of us ignore our parents and do whatever we want. She didn't. She listened to her parents most of the time!

"...and not to talk back and disobey our parents, but to listen to them. They have been around a lot longer than you and know what life has in store for you..."

Alice stood up and threw her arms up in a circular gesture, "We listen to our parents all the time, and who do you think you are, telling us that we don't obey and respect them? It's not fair, you know! You were a kid once too, weren't you?"

The room hushed all of a sudden. People turned a disgusted face in Alice's direction.

"Well, weren't you, Father Joseph?" Tears welled up in her eyes and she ran for the double doors. She could hear her mother yelling her name as she ran across the field heading for home. When she got to her front door, she fell into a heap and cried for what seemed to be an eternity. To this day, she couldn't say what caused her to burst out in church like she did.

It was just something that she had to do. She never really got reprimanded by her parents, but Father Joseph, as she was told, was totally shocked at her behavior. He said it would probably be better if she waited a while before coming back, but she never did. People looked at her for a long time after that incident. She didn't care. Not really.

Finishing her toast and milk, she went into the den where for an hour or so she watched T.V., but didn't really see it. All her thoughts were now on the black stone in her room. She turned off the T.V. in one quick motion and headed for her room. Again she retrieved her black stone and stared at it. She lay on her bed and held the stone to her heart. "Magic powers and mythical towers." She presently fell asleep. "I want to stay here so much. Can I? I find it so perfect here you know. I don't like living in a world of pain and hate; it's so peaceful here!" She had entered the light once again.

*You may if you like. For a little while, but remember your life yesterday.... you'll miss it if you stay.*

"Oh! No I won't. You'll see! I can do anything here. Anything at all!"

She stared at a gold tree ahead and focused her thoughts on it. All of a sudden, a golden leaf left the branch and landed at her feet. Alice, now in total bewilderment, bent down to retrieve the leaf. It was much heavier than she would have thought. She now held the black stone in her left hand, while she held the leaf in her right.

She looked to her left and saw a garden of white flowers. What she thought were white flowers was actually a garden of doves in a halo of white. She stared and stared until one dove, smooth and white, came gliding down through the air to land at her feet. She was very impressed by this time and wanted more things to appear at her feet.

Oh! How she loved this place. So serene and beautiful a place to stay. Why wasn't life like this? Everything always seemed too controlled, too strict, too confusing. Well, to her it did! For days and days and months and months, she stayed in the garden with her white doves and her golden trees, with her friends and she had the greatest time, until one day he said: *You can't stay here forever you know! You have lived your time in the garden of white, but now you must continue and live a life of challenge and reality.*

"But you said I could stay here forever! I don't want to go back. I love it here. You said I could stay!"

*I said you could stay a little while. You want a life with no hardships and no confusion. You want to live somewhere where no one puts demands on you.... you want total freedom.*

"I do, I do! It's so wonderful here. Do I really have to leave?" Tears were tugging at her eyes now. Tears of puzzlement and disappointment.

*You'll find you've missed your world and this will soon be in the past. You must be brave and return to a life you left behind to pick up and continue on.*

Her sobs were ear-shattering. Why was he doing this to her? She loved it so here. Everything always seemed to fall apart for her. Or was it just her imagination?

Her tears finally subsided and she awoke in her bed with beads of sweat bordering her forehead and the taste of salt on her lips. In her right hand she held a golden leaf and in the left was her precious black stone. A sudden whistle at her window marked the presence of a bird. Alice looked over, and to her surprise, there was the white dove from the white halo.

"This couldn't have been a dream," she thought to herself. Glancing over at her clock, she stared at the numbers 2:03. It had been just 12:44 when she first lay on her bed.

"Maybe it was a dream, maybe it wasn't...."

-- Kathryne Bercel

# BALLOONS

It was a beautiful Saturday afternoon
near the end of September. Sunlight
filtered through the trees casting a lacy
pattern of shadows upon the pavement.
I was walking slowly through the
playground, as I often do on a lazy
Saturday, reliving my childhood through
the laughter of the children playing.
I shuffled over to a nearby
park bench, and sat gazing around at
the wonderful scenery.
The swingset creaked with age,
and children's squeals of delight
filtered through the air.
One child in particular caught my
eye. She was a girl of about six,
sitting in the middle of an asphalt
basketball court. The girl sat playing
happily with a bouquet of colorful
balloons. A small kitten sat beside
the child, intrigued by the balloons--So
full of life, but yet so fragile.
The child looked up, aware
of eyes upon her. She rose from
the spot on the court and approached
me uneasily. She smiled a toothy smile
and thrust out her hand. Her small
fist grasped a big, pink balloon.
I thanked the girl sincerely
and heaved my tired old body from
my perch. As I walked out of the
park, a smile played across my lips,
I was thinking of...Balloons!

--Lisa Davis

THE EFFECT OF THE HOLOCAUST IN CHMIELNIK

Jews were fleeing Chmielnik for fear of the Holocaust in 1937. Many heads of households made arrangements for their families and themselves to flee Chmielnik or hide where they would be safe from the Germans. This included my Grandmother, her family, their friends, and neighbors. There were some families who did nothing to prevent being sent to camps. It was almost as if they were waiting for their turn to die. Chmielnik had no tools or weapons. This loss left people with passive resistance and little hope for freedom.

My Grandmother and her three sisters were hidden by Christian friends in a cold, musty attic. There they received little food and heat. They could make little, if any, noise. They could never leave the attic for fear of being seen by a passerby who would surely turn them into the German government. After many months of hiding they were helped by these same Christian friends to flee Chmielnik. They resided in Canada until the liberation in 1945, the year in which Jews had no more to fear from the Germans.

My Grandmother's brother, Abba Gorlicki, had two young children. He was unable to have his wife and children flee without being caught. Abba had to join the Polish Army as all young Jewish males were required to do at the time. While he was fighting, his wife and children were taken away to German concentration camps and put to death in the camps. Abba survived with only a bullet wound in his left arm from the war. How superficial a wound, this bullet wound, compared to the deep psychological scar left in his soul forever by the deaths of his wife and children.

--Bonnie Williams

A DREAM VACATION

In preparing for his much-needed vacation, Charles,the clothes designer, began to rummage through his closet throwing his Georgio Armani suits and Gucci shoes into his Louis Vuitton suitcase. Suddenly, he realized just what his destination would be. The suits and formal shoes would not be appropriate for the small village in Greece. For a man who had lived in New York City all his life, the meaning of comfortable and practical clothes did not come easy. Charles' life was full of fashion shows and other gala events connected with the fashion industry. By the age of thirty-two, he had done quite well in his career. Charles grew up in a poor section of the Bronx, surrounded by drugs and crime. His family did not have much money, but together with Charles' pay, they were able to pool their resources and put him through school at the Fashion Institute of Technology, where he received his Bachelor of Professional Studies degree.

The suitcases were unpacked and loaded with designer summer sportswear which would be suitable for his trip to Greece to visit relatives. Feelings of anxiety and excitement began to overwhelm Charles as he boarded the plane. In ten hours, he would be landing in Athens, Greece, the country of his heritage. As the doors opened, the intensifying heat came in. Charles took a deep breath and proceeded towards the customs line. After that hassle was over, he signaled for a taxi. Having little knowledge of the Greek language, Charles found it difficult to communicate with the taxi driver. As a result, he was accidentally taken to the wrong village.

By this time, Charles had severe jet-lag, was perspiring greatly, and looked like a vagrant who lived on the streets of New York City. For two hours, Charles tried to find someone who could lead him to his relatives' village. A neighborly villager who was riding on a mule offered to help Charles find the village. The man explained, in his broken English, that the village is located at the top of the hill, and the only way to get there is by mule. Charles perspired even more thinking about the days he drove around Manhattan in his Cadillac limousine. He could not imagine himself on a mule. As they entered the small, primitive village, many children came out and helped Charles with his bags. The villager explained that the children help tourists in exchange for a little money. Finding this amusing, Charles reached into his pocket to gather some coins. His wallet, which was full of American Express travelers checks, was not there. Now came the time for Charles to start to panic. It was obvious the bank was miles away, and he could not get to it today. Having this to worry about, and looking down at the condition he was in, made him faint. Suddenly,

he woke up hours later in his aunt's house. Meanwhile, many of his relatives had gathered there to greet him. As soon as they saw that he was awake, they ran to him like a herd of cattle, smothering him with hugs and kisses. Oh, how he wished he was in his penthouse in New York City feeling the coolness of his air conditioner.

Trying to understand what his relatives were saying made him uneasy. Charles did not know whether to say "yes" or "no". His relatives understood that he did not comprehend what they were saying, but that did not make any difference in the love they showed him.

Feeling much better, Charles sat down to eat dinner. He found the Greek food to be most enjoyable. He especially like the desserts: baklava, koulourakia and ravani. Charles ignored his aunt's comment on how the unpasteurized milk affects Americans, who are not accustomed to it. As a result of this, frequent trips to the outhouse were necessary. Trying anything to relax himself, Charles decided to go swimming in the beautiful Aegean Sea. He did not notice the multitudes of jellyfish that were surrounding his body. The next thing he knew, he was being taken to the local hospital.

A gleam of light that was shining through the large picture window reflected the brass bed Charles was lying on. As his eyes slowly opened, a blurry vision appeared. The doctors, nurses and relatives seemed to have disappeared. Feeling lightheaded and confused, Charles sat up and looked out the window and saw the morning sunrise outlining the New York skyscrapers. It was now he realized this was just a dream vacation.

-- Mary DeBaggis

# DESPERATE APPOINTMENT

She banged and banged on the door. Her hand was raw from knocking, her other hand held a cigarette, which she largely ignored. No one answered. She knew she had an appointment. Why wasn't he answering? It was 2:30--wasn't it? But whether she had an appointment or not it was imperative that she speak to Dr. Philips. Where was he? Oh, where was he? She continued knocking even though by this time it was obvious no one was in the room. She gave up knocking and instead focused her energy on rattling the doorknob. The door was, of course, locked, yet she still twisted and shook the doorknob. The loud racket she was making made her unable to hear the approaching footsteps of Dr. Philips.

"Sorry I'm late, Jean. My wife and I . . ."
Jean gasped--"Don't sneak up on me like that! You scared me half to death!"

"If you weren't being so loud, you would have heard me. Now what's wrong? I wasn't that late--was I?" Dr. Philips asked.

"I have to talk to you--it's very important," Jean said.

"All right. Let's go in my office," he replied looking at her oddly.

Dr. Philips finally opened the big brown door that Jean so desperately tried to get through only moments ago. He calmly went to his seat of authority behind his desk.

"Now, what is it that . . ." All of sudden the phone rang, interrupting Dr. Philips. "Just a minute," he told Jean. Jean sighed. She nervously paced up and down the warm, comfortable office. She suddenly noticed her cigarette and put it out in the ashtray that matched the rest of the brown and rust colored room.

"O.K. Jean," Dr. Philips finally said, "What is it that you want to talk to me about?"

"I couldn't wait to tell you. I was knocking and knocking and you weren't answering. I had to see you. I knew there was an appointment. It's just that I couldn't believe it!" Jean rambled.

"What? What is it?" Dr. Philips' curiosity was aroused.
Jean smiled. "My memory. I think it may be coming back."

"That's wonderful, Jean! Finally after all these months! But are you sure? What was it that triggered your memory?" Dr. Philips asked.

"That's what's so strange about this whole thing," Jean told him, "I was watching T.V. when it happened."

"What's so strange about that?" he asked.

"I was watching Psycho" she slowly answered.

-- Debbie Catalano

For me,
The blue and white room is eternally open.
When I'm tired or seeking refuge, the blue protects.
When privacy is needed for letting feelings free,
the white stands as a soldier to guard against intruders
In hours of light the colorful woman of another time is a friend.
The pink, smiling clown will make you laugh.
All the miniature smiles and small black eyes of the stuffed
creatures are comforting.
You can talk, they only listen, they will not reveal your secrets.
They are your trusted comrades.
When lights close their eyes to the darkness outside,
you can hear a soft humming from the blue and white room.
The darkness should not be feared, only welcomed.
Although the entrance of intruders is now denied,
you should be relieved.
Take one last look at the smiling hearts, bright stars,
and stuffed friends.
Now, let the blue and white room leave your mind,
and let unconsciousness swallow you.

-- Karen Fallon

Why must people judge others
if the entire world was blind
we would have more friends

-- Celeste Emmens

A long winter's night
the birds seek a safe shelter
darkness has fallen

- Mary DeBaggis

## THE PERSECUTORS

The glare of their eyes makes
you want to turn inside out.
They hold you up on a pedestal,
only to chip away at your insides.
Their laughter mocks you;
you scamper away like a
scared pet.
Your insides rumble,
you want to fight back,
but your anxiety takes over.
Again, you turn to hold your
head up high and face your
persecutors.
Damn them. You ask, Why me? They answer:
"Because you are nothing."
You resent them.
But your resentment cannot
rise above you.
You won't let it.
You contain yourself once more.
But how long can this continue?
You know the answer to that!
Until you believe that you are
nothing, and become nothing.

-- Karen Fallon

## SILENT SHAKY MAN

My heart breaks for you and I don't even know you.
Your sorrows seep out of you and leech onto my heart.
Your burdens make you a special person so please soak
in the understanding. Make yourself heard to the intol-
erable others. Learn from the ignorance of others.
Let the impossible carry your burdens. For your burdens
and sorrows are unreachable to others. They see with
their eyes and not with their hearts.

-- Karen Fallon

To lay on petals
The heavy fragrance so sweet
Airy scents of spring

- Jacqui Alexander

## YOU ARE TO ME

The sweetness of flowers
yet
The strength of trees

Holding me close
But
Never hovering over me

So protective
yet
Never possessive

A part of me
But
Not here with me

you are my life
yet
you let me live my own

I love you immensely

Not tentatively

-- Michele Lee

## YOUR EYES

Like a pool of sadness
big and round
Hide all feelings
that come on down
In the pool of sadness
big and round

In the pool of sadness
deep and dark
Fighting to hide,
happiness is remaining alive
Help it not to die
In the pool of sadness
deep and dark

-- Michele Lee

These two years have come and gone
  and now it's our time to travel on
Into a world of surprises and fun
With a lot of hard work to become someone.

—Elizabeth Ekborg

NO LIMITS, NO BOUNDARIES

You fearlessly plunge into water of great depth.
Knowing no boundaries to your mind's liberation
    of endless perplexities.
They seem to fade from view.
Mountain peaks slowly enveloped by the dense
    mist, as if ceasing to exist.
Your thoughts are somewhat similar.
The bad, you thrust far back into the
    extremes of your mind.
The good, you emphasize and stress its importance
    and value.
Your joys are taken for granted.
They fill your mind and soul with enduring
    satisfaction.
As the peaks gradually break through the fine
    spray of the mist, they become the highlight
    of your reality.

—Kathryne D. Bercel

GROWING UP

The last leaf of autumn still lingers on the tree,
It's not ready to fall yet like the others beneath

All the gold and red leaves have done the same,
But this one, for a bit, just wants to stay

    Let it linger,
    Let me linger,
Time goes by too fast

-- Debbie Catalano

For Reference

Not to be taken from this room